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WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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NO. 20

Emily Hammond.

AN INTERESTING AMERICAN TALE.

To convey useful instruction without giving offence, is a task attended with peculiar difficulty. When our faults are set before us, even though friendship itself assume the task of correction, the inherent pride of our hearts feels wounded at the fancied reproof, and too often totally weakens every effort for reformation.

Well-drawn sketches of *real life*, however, furnish means of instruction which nothing but confirmed baseness of character can render ineffectual. When we see a course of vicious conduct succeeded by disgrace, misfortune and repentance; and remark the honour, the happiness, and peace of mind which even in this life, active virtue confers on her votaries; we receive instruction without suspecting it. Imagination and passion are interested, and leave an impression on the understanding, which formal advice and abstract reasoning could never have produced.

If the following "unvarnished little tale" shall speak virtue's call to one erring heart, or beguile a single hour from the dullness of *ennui*, or the pursuit of trifles; the relater will think his trouble amply repaid. To correct the passions, to soften and amend the heart, has been his object: applause is not expected, and apology will not be attempted.

In the early part of my life, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. Drey, a young gentleman from the eastern part of Massachusetts. Youthful attachments are frequently less permanent than their early warmth would lead us to expect: new connections are formed, and new interests arise, as our years increase; and leave to friendship little but an empty name. To Mr. Drey and myself, however, these remarks by no means apply.—Although engaged in the most active of all employments, while *my* life presented little more than a scene of peaceable idleness, he welcomed my frequent visits to his family, with all the ardour of youthful friendship.—When I felt the warm grasp of his hand

I forgot that I was growing grey, while "the joys of other times" rose to my memory in colours almost too vivid to permit the reflection that they were never to return !

Mr. Drey married when young. His lady was an accomplished woman, and in her disposition amiable in a high degree. Unlike too many of our fashionable wives, she found her chief happiness in increasing that of her husband : to lighten the pressure of his cares, and multiply the sources of his enjoyment, seemed less her duty than her delight : and in that affectionate interchange of kind offices arising from a reciprocal desire to please, my friends enjoyed a degree of domestic felicity which I shall look in vain to see excelled.

They had two children, one of whom died in early infancy ; and on the other, a promising boy, was lavished all the fond attention which should have been divided among a more numerous family. He received an early education ; and at the age of seventeen, was placed in a course of professional study, under the care of a relation at Philadelphia.

Such was the family of Mr. Drey three years since : my friend now rests in his kindred earth ; his amiable wife tenants the clay by his side ; while their son, their only darling child, " the child of many prayers," in whom centred all the fond hopes and expectations which the parental bosom alone can feel : this son, if yet alive, is a wanderer in foreign climes, friendless and destitute, and tortured with the " gnawings of that worm which never dies "

My readers will pardon this short characteristic sketch ; it is a tribute due to the memory of my friends.

In the autumn of 1802, I received intelligence that Mr. Drey was dangerously ill. Wishing to see him, with as little delay as possible, I took a seat in the mail-stage, as offering the most certain and expeditious manner of travelling. The first day I rode quite alone : the carriage reached New-Haven about midnight ; and after a few hours' repose, I was summoned to continue my journey towards Boston. As I entered the coach, I observed, by the light of the waiter's lantern, a young lady who had entered before me, and placed herself on the back-seat. She was of a delicate form, and apparently in ill health : but the circumstance which most powerfully excited my feelings was, that she carried a very young infant, who appeared, like its unfriended protectress, to be ill prepared for the fatigues of such a journey. The coachman's customary inquiry, " all in ? " was answered by a hoarse " yes " from the door and I found myself on the road, with no other travelling companion than a woman, who seemed, at best, friendless, unprotected and unknown.

The morning was cold and rainy.—Drowsy through fatigue and want of rest, I drew my cloak around me, and fell into a kind of half slumber, from which however I was soon roused by a complaining cry from the infant which my fellow traveller carried : " Hush, poor little outcast ! hush my poor babe," cried she, in a voice of tender accents, " The world has no pity for you ! Oh, it is a cruel world ! " She pressed her suffering-little one to her bosom, and sobbed in anguish. Here was an appeal to my feelings too powerful to be resisted : in the impulse of the mo-

ment, I seated myself close by her side—"Young woman! you seem to be distressed—trust an old man: I can have no interest in deceiving you!"—"I am distressed!" she replied in a voice scarcely audible; "but I did not mean to complain."

"Have you travelled far?"

"From Philadelphia, sir."

"Painful! And you go farther still."

"To Boston—"

"Who are your friends in Boston?" I inquired hastily. She burst into a passion of tears, and I felt I had asked too much. "I have no friends—no home!" she replied—"I expect no pity but from heaven, and I have forfeited even that. For myself, I could suffer in silence—I deserve to suffer; but my babe—oh, sir! my friendless little one has a better claim to compassion!"

"You have both a claim—and be mine the task to guard you! We are all the children of transgression, and if you have erred more than others, your sufferings must have been in full proportion. You are distressed, I claim your reliance on my protection."

There are times when prudence and compassion appear at variance, and when pity would seem to deserve the name of weakness. The unfeeling sensualist may sneer at my credulity; and that cold, timid selfishness which shelters itself under the sacred garb of prudence may "point its iron frown," at actions which it cannot imitate—little do I care. Be it mine to pity the faults and sooth the sorrows of a repentant fellow mortal; and if that being whose highest attribute is mercy, should throw error in my way, may I ever be the victim of my heart, rather than the dupe of my head!

When we reached Boston, I procured attendance for my *protege* at one of the inns, and went immediately to the house of a widow lady, with whom I had been intimately acquainted during a former residence in that town. Mrs. Barlow was a quaker, and possessed, in reality, that purity and simplicity of morals so generally apparent in people of her persuasion. To this woman I immediately related my adventure, and concluded with asking her assistance and protection for the unhappy stranger. The ladies, I am well aware, will frown at this: "A witless old cully! Could he not be satisfied with being a fool himself? I wish he had applied to me! I would have shown him the difference between—but let's hear what his Mrs. Barlow said to him."—With the smile of angel benevolence on her face, she replied: "Friend J. thou art full of thy whims, but I know thy heart: bring the poor girl to me; I must not be behind thee in succouring the unfortunate." I waited not for a repetition of this offer; and in a few minutes the "way-worn" sufferer was introduced to a protector of her own sex. Without waiting for any thing but a hasty refreshment, I borrowed Mrs. Barlow's carriage; and in a few hours had the happiness of embracing my old friend. I found him in much better health than my fears had predicted; his disorder, a severe pleurisy, had yielded to prudent treatment and a good constitution, and he was fast recovering. His son, whom I had not seen for two years, was now at home. This young gentleman seemed exactly what his father was when my acquaintance with him commenced—A strong cultivated mind, assisted by a literary education, and an unusual proficiency in

classic learning : a graceful form : a fine open countenance, and a manly spirit, checked by the restraint of true politeness, rendered Everard Drey not only an object of general esteem, but, in a high degree, what our *novel-writing* ladies would call a *dangerous man*. He was melancholy, however : Some hidden sorrow, which neither the confidence of friendship, nor the anxious inquiries of parental tenderness, could elicit, preyed upon his spirits and impaired his health.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE HISTORY OF THE LOVELY BUT
UNFORTUNATE
MADAME LAVERGNE,

Wife of the Governor of the Fort of Longwy,
in the Department of Moselle.

THE beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne had been married but a short time to M Lavergne, Governor of Longwy, when that town surrendered to the Prussians ; but in two months afterwards was retaken by the French, and the Governor arrested, and sent prisoner to Paris, without being permitted to enjoy the society of his amiable wife. Though M. Lavergne was at that time upwards of sixty, and Madame had scarcely attained a third of that age, yet the sweetness of his disposition, and the superiority of his abilities, had excited in her bosom the liveliest tenderness and esteem ; and she determined not only to follow him to the capital, but to exert every faculty she possessed to obtain the preservation of his life.

"The dreadful epocha of the Revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold was daily reeking with the blood of those victims whom savage

cruelty had unjustly slain, and M. Lavergne hourly expected his would augment the sanguinary stream ! The horrors of a prison, and the damps of a dungeon, soon produced the most alarming effects upon his health ; yet his amiable wife considered it as a fortunate circumstance, conceiving they would not bring him to trial in so debilitated a state. A perilous disease, she imagined, would prove a *present safeguard*, and time and exertion bring the wished for relief ! Vain expectation ; his name appeared on that *list* from which no appeal could save him, and the ill-fated sufferer was destined to attend !

"Madame Lavergne was no sooner made acquainted with this decision, than she presented herself before the Committee for general safety. With a countenance expressive of the anguish of her feelings, and her eyes streaming with apprehensive tears, she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed until he had regained his faculties by a restoration of health ; assuring them he was not in a state to confront his accusers, as disease had impaired his reason as much as his strength.

"Imagine, oh, citizens," said the agonized wife of Lavergne "such an "unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal that "decides upon life and death ! Whilst "reason abandons him, can he understand the charges alleged against "him ? Or can he have power to declare his *innocence*, whose bodily "sufferings are now threatening to terminate his life ? Will you, oh citizens "of France, call a man to trial while

"in a frenzy of delirium? Will you
 "summon him who, perhaps at this
 "moment, is expiring on the bed of
 "pain, to hear that irrevocable sen-
 "tence which admits no medium be-
 "tween liberty and the scaffold? And
 "if you unite *humanity* and *justice* can
 "you suffer an *old man*"—At these
 words, every eye was turned upon Ma-
 dame Lavergne, whose youth and beau-
 ty, contrasted with the idea of an *aged*
 and *infirm* husband, gave rise to very
 different emotions in the breasts of the
 members of the Committee, from those
 which she had so eloquently endea-
 voured to inspire; and they interrupt-
 ed her speech with the most indecent
 jests and the coarsest raillery. One
 of the members, with a scornful smile,
 assured her, that, young and handsome
 as she was, it would not be so difficult
 as she appeared to imagine, to find
 means of consolation for the loss of a
 husband, who in the common course
 of nature, had completely lived his
 time. Another of them, equally brutal
 and still more ferocious, added, that the
 fervor with which she pleaded the
 cause of such a husband, was an unna-
 tural excess; and therefore the Com-
 mittee could not attend to her petition.

"Horror, indignation, and despair,
 took possession of the unfortunate Ma-
 dame Lavergne's soul. She had heard
 the purest and most exalted affection
 for one of the worthiest men, condemn-
 ed and villified as a degrading appetite!
 She had been wantonly insulted, whilst
 demanding justice, by the administra-
 tors of the law; and she rushed in si-
 lence from the presence of these in-
 human monsters, to hide the agony
 that almost burst her heart.

"One ray of hope still rose to chase
 the gloom of deep despondency away.

Dumas, one of the judges of the tribu-
 nal, she had known in former times;
him, therefore she resolved to seek,
 and in spite of the antipathy his pre-
 sent actions had inspired, implored him
 to let the trial be delayed. In all the
 agony of increasing apprehension she
 threw herself at this inflexible mon-
 ster's feet, used all the arguments sug-
 gested by affection, only to have the
 fatal hour delayed. *Dumas* replied
 coldly, that it did not belong to *him* to
 grant the favour she solicited; neither
 should he chuse to make such a re-
 quest of the tribunal; and then increas-
 ing the bitterness of disappointment
 by the insolence of sarcasm, he in-
 quired whether it was so *great a mis-*
fortune to be delivered from a trouble-
 some husband of *sixty*, whose death
 would leave her at liberty to employ
 her youthful charms more useful to
 the state?

"Such a *reiteration of insult* roused
 the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to
 desperation. She shrieked with an-
 guish too insupportable to bear; and
 rising from the posture of supplication,
 she extended her out-stretched arms
 to heaven, and in a phrenzied voice,
 exclaimed, "Just God! will not the
 "crimes of these atrocious men awake
 "thy vengeance? Go, monster!" she
 cried, addressing herself to *Dumas*,
 "I no longer want *thy* aid; no longer
 "will I deign to supplicate *thy* pity!
 "Away to the tribunal; there will I
 "also appear: then shall it be known
 "whither I *deserve* the outrages *thou*
 "and thy base associates have heaped
 "upon my head!"

"From the presence of the odious
Dumas, and with a fixed determination
 to quit a life that was now become hate-
 ful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired

to the hall of tribunal, and mixing with the motley crowd, waited *impatient* for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day begin, and the unfortunate Lavergne is called! The jailors convey him thither on a mat-trass; and a few trifling questions are proposed, to which with difficulty he replies, when the mock trial closes, and the ill-fated governor is doomed to die!

"Scarcely had the sentence passed the Judge's lips, when Madame Lavergne cried, with a loud voice, "*Vive la Roi!*" In vain the surrounding multitude endeavoured to prevent the sound; for the more they tried to deaden its extension, the more vehement became her cries; and she continued exclaiming "*Vive la Roi!*" until the guard forced her away.

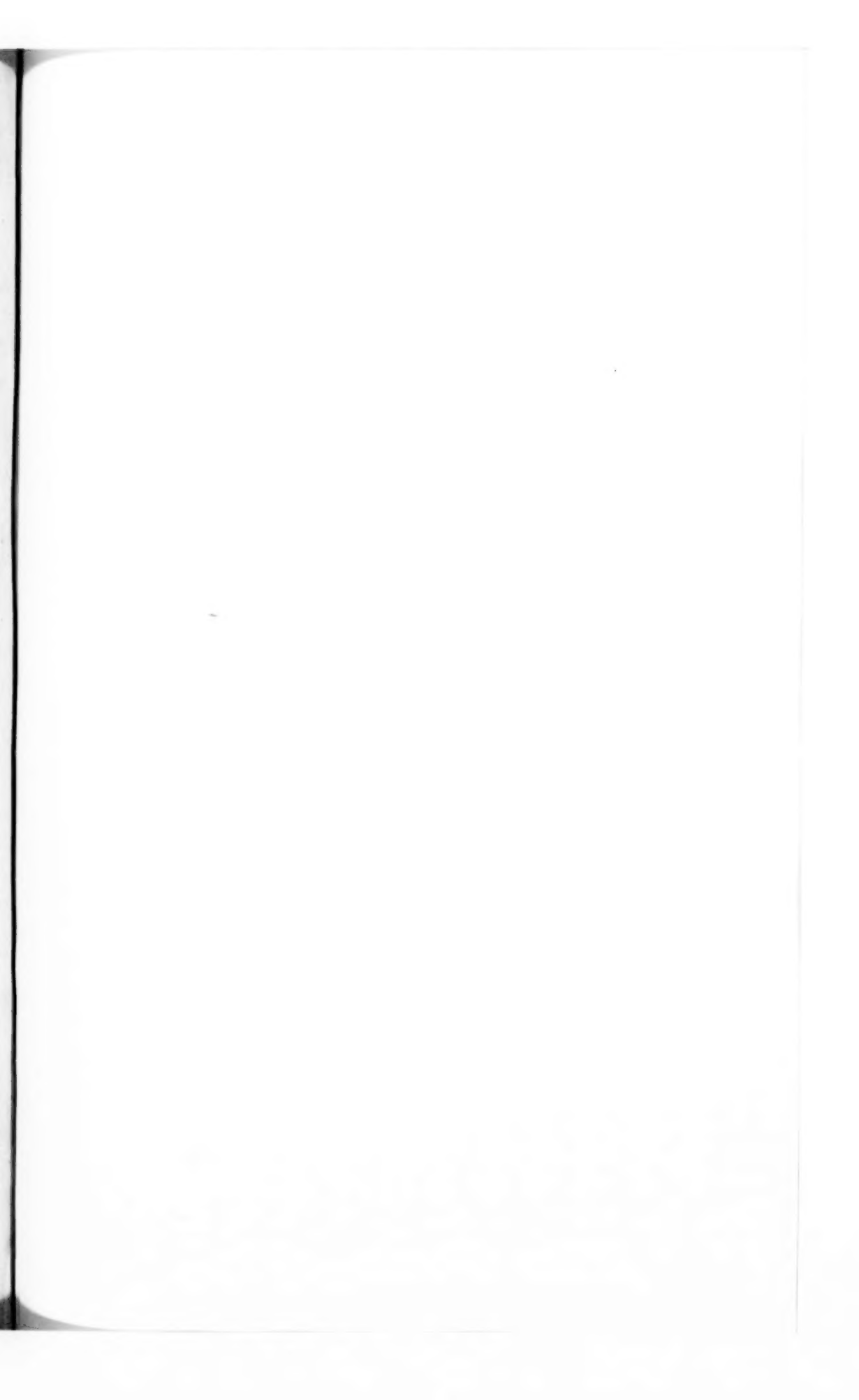
"So great had been the interest which the distress of this amiable young woman had excited, that she was followed to the place of confinement by a numerous throng, who anxiously endeavoured to avert the fate which awaited her, by an attempt to drown her cries.

"When the public accuser interrogated her upon the motives of her extraordinary conduct, she informed him, she was not actuated either by revenge or despair, but by the loyalty which was rooted in her heart. "*I adore,*" cried she, "the system that you have destroyed; and I expect no mercy from you, for I am your enemy. I abhor your republic, and I will persist in the confession I have publicly made as long as I live."

"To such a declaration no reply was made; but Madame Lavergne's name was instantly added to the suspected list, and in a few minutes she

was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own condemnation, and was decreed to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided; serenity appeared to have re-possessed her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced the peace and comfort of her soul.

"On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the fatal cart, and requested to be placed in a position that she might view her husband's face. That unfortunate husband had fallen into a swoon, and lay extended upon a truss of straw without the slightest appearance of life. The motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of his shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of a vertical sun, which his amiable wife perceiving, intreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief, and unite his shirt. Madame Lavergne's attention was never for one moment directed from the object of her tenderness; and perceiving, by the change of his countenance that his senses revived, in softened accents she pronounced his name. At the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been a stranger to his ears, Lavergne raised his languid eyes, and fixed them on the object of his love, with a look expressive of alarm and tenderness. "*Do not be alarmed,*" said she; "*it was your faithful wife who called. We could not live, but we shall die together!*" The agitated Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude; and his oppressed heart poured forth its soft sensations into that bosom which shared all its sorrows; and tho' the tyrants fain would have divided them, 'twas death that joined them in a better life!



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Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ZIDON AND KEZIA.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

"VICTOR of the stormy fight
Hail! returned to us again,
Hail! the battle's conquering light,
Hero of the carnaged plain!

"We for thee will weave a crown
Fairest yet of mortal make;
Haste, thy wondrous deeds make known,
With thy name the nations shake!

"Vanquished Death! thou dar'd'st not seize
Earth's most beauteous child in war,
Hark! the trumpet wakes the breeze,
Hark! he conquers from afar!

"Swell oh lyre, thy loudest strain,
Tell oh lute, thy sweetest praise,
Timbrel, sing his name again,
Virgins, chaunt his glory's blaze.

"Lives he! then our land is blest,
Foes shall ne'er invade our shore,
Vainly on his hardy breast,
Fall the thunderbolts of war!

"Minstrels now shall sing his name,
Nations catch the glorious sound,
Future ages hand his fame
To the earth's remotest bound!"

The virgins ceased: for rushing thro' the
choir,

A matron comes, and stays the sounding lyre,
Then upon KEZIA's neck and snowy breast
She threw her arms and burning kisses prest.

"'Tis she! she cried,"—my long lost daughter,
torn

"From my fond arms in youth's exulting
morn!"

* * * * *

But hark! to break the general joy around,
Why mourns yon prophet, why his mourn-
ful sound?

"Another week! and from those azure skies

"The showers shall fall, and ocean's waves
shall rise;

"The sea shall burst his bounds, and o'er
the lands

"Sweep wide and dreadful by our God's
commands!

"Will ye not hear!—alas! and will ye die?

"Your own destroyers will you drowned
lie?"

But lo! the people mock, and Noah bends
His way afar, and to his hill ascends:
Some trembled as he spoke, but feared to
stand

Upon God's side amid their wicked band:
ZIDON too joined with the rebellious crew,
Though KEZIA still to heaven remained true.

Day past o'er day. At last a sound was heard
Bursting afar; 'twas then the people feared:
And flying shepherds told that o'er the coast
The angry main his wildest waves had tost;
And while they spoke, behold, upon their
sight

Came the wild billows, darker than the
night:

The people fled—the beasts flocked from
around

And sought the ark which stood on higher
ground.

There Noah then received, and stood to see
Who of mankind to him for help would flee.
—They come not; for the waves, beneath the
hill

Cease their wild roar, and calm become and
still,

A hope inspired their souls that there its
course

Was staid forever, there restrained its force,
KEZIA alone of all the band essayed

To climb the hill where heaven's own pro-
phet staid,

But ZIDON followed not:—she wept, she
hung

Upon his knees, and sad her hands she wrung;
He would not listen, and to him she bore
Such ardent love, she would not leave him
more,

Resigned her soul to death, and cast above
Her beaming eye dissolved in tears of love

The door is closed! all access there denied,
And now the seas began their tumult wide,
E'en now were seen the floating wrecks afar,
And drowning men, and beasts, amid the war

Of rolling billows. Hark ! the thunders roar,
The showers and waves commingle on the
shore,
Few reach the summits of the highest hill,
But wide the crowds that now the waters
fill.

LORIENT.

(To be continued.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MISS — D —, * WHO
DIED FEB. 1st, 1816, AGED 20.

FAIR spirit ! rest ; thy mortal toils are o'er ;
No more thy friends thy sainted form be-
hold :

In the gay scale of life thou'lt shine no more,
For in mortality thou art enroll'd.

In the dark caverns of the silent dead,
Thy noble form rests on a lap of earth ;
No more to join the circle's mazy tread ;
No more to taste the flow of jovial mirth.

Far from the pleasures of thy native home,
Far from th' embraces of endearing
friends,

Thy form angelic sinks into the tomb ;
Thy transient life, e'en in its morning, ends.

Thus the fair rose, in morning's sweet per-
fume,
Spreads its fair beauties to th' admiring
eye ;

But ah ! the fell destroyer nips its bloom,
And all its beauties soil'd and faded lie.

Far from thy tender mother's loving arms,
Far from thy sister, from thy brother dear,
They could not soothe thee in thy dread
alarms,

They could not o'er thee shed the silent
tear.

Of thy paternal mansion none could see
Thy sad departure from this vale of tears,
Save thy dear father, who must witness be
Of his fair flow'ret nipt in op'ning years.

* Miss D — being on a visit to Saybrook,
(Con.) (the town from which her family emi-
grated) fell an untimely victim to the typhus
fever; her father barely arriving in time to wit-
ness the last struggles of his beloved daugh-
ter.

From the cold grave that shrouds the sacred
trust

The father turns his pensive steps away,
With flowing eyes and heart with sorrow
burst,

The doleful tidings homeward to convey.

Weep not, ye parents, o'er her destiny,
Tears can't redeem the victim from the
grave ;

Fate gave its sanction to the stern decree ;
Nor all the powers of art combin'd can
save.

Fell typhus, with its pestilential breath,
Spread its dark shroud the weaken'd vic-
tim o'er ;

O'er her spread the chilling damps of death,
She fell a victim to its dreadful pow'r.

I too, who sing in mournful strains thy
death,

And to thy mem'ry pour the silent tear,
Have felt the pow'r of typhus' with'ring
breath,

Far from my native home, tho' friends were
near.

A. STRONG.

Durham, (N. Y.) Feb. 23.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE WITHERED THORN.

Poor child of the desert,
Why art thou so lone ?
Say, weep'st thou thy beauties
All withered and gone ?
Alas ! thou wert never
The Zephyr's delight,
Thy flowers never glittered
Transporting and bright !

Content there to languish
While nature was kind,
Unnoticed and lonely
To darkness consigned ;
Man stopt not to gather
The flowers from thy stem,
And the dew-drops of heaven
Scarce gave thee one gem.

Yet none would molest thee : —

In silence and gloom,
Undisturbed by a footstep,
Thou rearest thy bloom,

Till the cold wind of winter
Swept harsh o'er thy head,
And now thou hast withered,
Thy sad flowers are dead.

O would I could like thee
Inhabit the wild,
Where the sun for me only
In majesty smiled!
Where no being should trouble,
No suffering molest,
No pain and no anguish
My soul rob of rest!

And when the dark tempest
Of death should arise,
Like thee, where I flourished,
I'd close my sad eyes.
And the mild breeze of heaven
Should sigh o'er my grave;—
While *glory* might hallow
The tomb of the brave!

CYPRIAN.

LOVE'S FOUR SENSES.

BY THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

THAT Love is blind, old Poets say,
And Time has prov'd the saying true;
But Love can hear, feel, taste and smell,
Love may his eyes for ever close;
Yet he can tell

When he a beauteous flow'r has chose?

Give to the touch the holly bough,
The sick'ning rue inhale awhile;
Then, without eyes, you may discover
A loathsome wreath entwin'd, to prove
That e'en a Lover

May, without seeing, cease to love!

Who does not find the rose more sweet
Than the heart-sick'ning chamomile?

Who does not like a downy bed
In pref'rence to a couch of care,
Where Sorrow's head
May dreams of peaceful slumber share?

Who likes a stinging-nettle bough
To bind his breast? Or who would hear

Discordant shrieks of ravens vile,
When dulcer music may delight,
And bid him smile

Through the long, tedious, wint'ry night?

Touch Lesbia's warm and downy hand;
Then press old Sarah's fist of wood;
Hear Anna chaunt her melting lay;
Then listen to the harsh, deep note,
That spreads dismay
From brawling Bridget's husky throat!

Then say no more, that Love can know
No diff'rence with his bandeau on;
FOUR SENSES speak, tho' he is blind;
He *feels* the sound of voices sweet;
He *tastes* the mind;
And *scents* the sigh of Pity's balmy treat!

Then trust not, Beauty, that, since Love
Is blind, he may be still deceiv'd;
For, well 'tis known, one sense subdu'd,
Those that remain more active grow;
And, tho' not view'd,
He all your 'witching pow'rs will know!

He like the bee, will sigh to steal
Pure nectar from the glowing lip;
He will the downy hand delight
To press; but near a lion's claws,
In wild affright,
He'd tremble—at the lion's jaws!

Love can imbibe the spicy gale
That Delia's fragrant breath bestows;
But, when unwholsome fogs are near,
Love will contagious mischiefs dread,
And shrink with fear—
That pain and death are round him spread?

Then let the *Uchin* only prove
His *FOUR fine SENSES* fraught with bliss;
And let him hide his radiant eyes;
Still blest will be the rosy boy
While Time supplies,
For him, a world of endless joy!

CHARADE.

My *first* is useful to the fair,
About their forms is daily seen;
My *second's* frequent used in pray'r,
Which is a custom neat and clean:
My *whole* few females are without,
Ladies, you'll quickly find it out.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1816.

Intelligence.

Late accounts from France, say, that Monsieur Hyde de Neuville, member of the Chamber of Deputies, is appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.

That the 21st of January [the day on which Louis the 16th was beheaded] shall every year be set apart as a day of fasting and prayer.

That a Monument shall be erected as an expiation of the crime committed that day.

That Monuments shall also be erected at the expense of the nation, to the memory of Louis XVI, the Queen Maria Antoinette, and Madame Elizabeth.

And that a Monument shall also be erected to the memory of the Duke D'Enghien.

The cause of the Patriots, does not fail in Venezuela with the capture of Carthagena. The expedition sent against the island of Margueretta had failed; the royalists losing 500 men killed, and 17 officers.

"General Sarana, the commander of the Independants of Venezuela, has taken the city of Barnas, and has a large force of cavalry with him."

From Buenos-Ayres, we hear very pleasing tidings of preparation and public spirit.

In *Chili*, an Araucanian chief has assembled ten thousand warriors, of that unconquered race of Indians, and taken a position on the Biobio, to check any invader.—*Col.*

Four negroes have been convicted in Spottsylvania, and five or six in Louisa county in Virginia, (the former sentenced to be hanged) for insurrection. A white man, named Boxley, is accused of instigating the slaves in Spottsylvania to revolt.—*Ib.*

A Boston paper of March 9, says, "it is thought worthy of notice that the eagle should visit us at this inclement season, it being a native of the south and seldom advancing further north than the state of Pennsylvania, where it usually resorts during the summer months for the purpose of incubation. Two of these birds were seen a few days since hovering over Weston and its vicinity, one of which was brought to the ground from an immense height, with a single ball, by Capt. G. W. Smith. From its size and colour it is adjudged to be of the species of the Grey Eagle and one of the largest of the kind. Its companion, which was perfectly white, has since disappeared.

HORRID MURDER.

(From a Paris paper of 12th Dec.)

Nismes. Dec. 9.—A soldier, named Modeste Roquette, residing at Cabrieres, a village within two leagues of Nismes, who had served in the Spanish wars, but with an indifferent character, conceived an ardent passion for Marie Altre, a girl of 18, beautiful, and beloved by all who knew her, and who never encouraged his advances. Modeste, blinded by the excess of his passion, and by jealousy, met her in the field, and offered her violence, in hopes, no doubt, of forcing her to marry him; but not succeeding in his criminal intent, he had the wickedness to sacrifice her, and subject her to the most cruel treatment. This unfortunate victim expired in the midst of torments.

A dog placed not far from the spot to guard a flock of sheep, barked and shewed a disposition to approach the scene, but was kept back by the shepherd, who from his position could not perceive what was passing, and wished to keep his dog with him. The dog renewed his barking with increased violence, ran again to the scene of the murder, and prevailed upon his master to follow.

After traversing a certain interval, he suddenly perceived Modeste, who cried out to him not to advance, upon

pain of death, and cautioning him at the peril of his life not to reveal what he saw. The shepherd, full of astonishment, withdrew, taking his dog away with him.

Meanwhile the mother of Marie, alarmed at her delay from home, sought her in vain through the whole village, and shortly found her dead, and drowned in her own blood, the body being stabbed in several places, and a large wound inflicted by a knife on the neck.

Suspicion fell upon the head of **MODESTE**; he is arrested, thrown into the prison of Nismes, and preparations made for his trial.

The shepherd being called for to make his deposition, stated to the Justice, that it would cost him his life to speak the truth. They encouraged him—exhort him to speak the truth without fear; and he at length details, with candour, the whole scene of which he was a witness. The next day he disappeared. For several days search was made for him, but in vain; and at length he is found in a kind of a well, tied by a cord to which a large stone was attached.

The brother of Modeste is accused of this crime, and after having remained a year and a half, in prison, the two brothers have appeared before the Court of Assizes. After a long discussion, the proofs and circumstances have been so strong, the Jury have found them guilty, and they have both been condemned to death.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. David Ludlow, to Miss Margaret Wint, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, capt. Wm. H. Smith, to Mrs. Mary Hart, both this city.

By the rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. John Friel, to Miss Ruth Rhoads, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. John Bernard, to Miss Susan Coffin.

Obituary.

The City-Inspector Reports the death of 42 persons in this City, for the week ending on Saturday the 9th March, 1816, of the following Diseases :

Abscess 2, burned 1; child bed 2; consumption 10; convulsions 1; cramp in the stomach 1; diarrhæ 1; dropsy 2; dropsy in the chest 1; dropsy in the head 2; drowned 1; fever 1; fever remittent 1; hives or croup 1; inflammation of the brain 1; old age 1; palsy 2; peripneumony 1; pleurisy 1; small-pox 4; still born 2; sudden death 1; whooping cough 1;—Total 42.

DIED,

Mrs. Ann Fowler, aged 70.

Mr. Thomas Tom, merchant, an old and respectable citizen of this place, aged 73.

Suddenly, Mr. Samuel Beekman, aged 39.

Mr. Robert Gourlie.

Mr. William Pearson, ship-wright, aged 30 years.

Mrs. Maria Louisa Eleanor B. Gaetan.

Mr. Jacob Shute, aged 51.

Mr. Abraham Alstine.

Mr. James Cleland, aged 47 years.

At Brooklyn, Mrs. Martin, a widow woman. Her death was occasioned by falling into the fire, an unhappy victim of intemperance.

On the 27th ult. at Morven, near Princeton, N. J. at the seat of her son in law, Richard Stockton, Esq. after a short illness, in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Read, formerly of Whitehall, in the county of Burlington.

In December last, on board the ship Timoleon, on his passage to Teneriffe, whither he was bound for the benefit of his health, Doctor Joshua E. R. Burch, late an eminent physician of this city.

In London on the 29th of December last, in his 67th year, Phineas Bond, Esq. British consul-general for the middle and southern states in this country for 27 years.

At Marseilles, the 8th January last, of a consumption, Miss Angelica Livingston, daughter of John R. Livingston, Esq. of this city. She was attended, "*To that bourne from whence no traveller returns,*" by all the Americans and English, who ordered their vessels in mourning; as also by many of the respectable inhabitants of that place.

On the 19th January, Mr. William Reese, of Dublin District, in Hartford county, Md. after having breathed this sublunary air, for the space of one hundred and eight years, and 17 days! He was a native of Cecil county, Maryland.

WATERLOO.

THE OFFICER, HIS WIFE, AND THE BAGGAGE-ASS.

The following interesting anecdote is taken from "*A Visit to Flanders*," and will give some idea of the kind of scenes that were passing during the memorable battle of Waterloo :

"I had the good fortune," says the intelligent writer, "to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish officer and his wife, an Antwerp Lady of only sixteen, of great beauty and matchless innocence and *naivete*. The husband was in the battle of Quatre Bras as well as that of Waterloo, and to him I owe much of my minutes and most interesting information.

"He was living in the cantonments at Nivelles, his wife with him. The unexpected advance of the French called him off at a moment's notice to Quatre Bras; but he left with his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family baggage, which was packed upon a large ass. Retreat at the time was not anticipated, but being suddenly ordered, on the Saturday morning he contrived to get a message to his wife to make the best of her way, attended by the servant and baggage, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and make off with the horse, leaving the young Lady alone with the baggage ass. With a firmness becoming the wife of a British Officer, she boldly commenced on foot her retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass by the bridle; and carefully preserving the baggage: no violence was dared by any one to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one would venture to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the columns of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery; her fatigue was great; it rained in water-spouts, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi, to Brussels at Waterloo, when the army on the Saturday evening were taking up their line for the awful conflict. In so exten-

sive a field, and among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband; she knew that the sight of her *there* would only embarrass and distress him; she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all the Saturday night; the road choked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons and horses; multitudes of native fugitives on the road and flying into the great wood, and many of the wounded walking their painful way, dropping every step, and breathing their last:—every few steps lay a corps or a limb; particularly, she said, *severed hands*. Many persons were actually killed by others, if by chance they stood in the way of their endeavours to save themselves. And to the horrors, the rain continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning still raged as if the heavens were torn to pieces. Full twelve miles further in the night this young woman marched up to her knees in mud, her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted; but still unhurt, she led her ass; and although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels on the morning in safety, self, ass, bag and baggage, without the loss of an article. In a few hours after her arrival, commenced the cannons' roar of the tremendous Sunday, exposed to which for ten hours she knew her husband to be; and after a day and night in agony she was rewarded by finding herself in her husband's arms, he unhurt and she nothing the worse, on the Monday. The officer told me the tale himself with tears in his eyes. With a slight Irish accent, he called her his "dare little woman," and said she became more valuable to him every day. I never saw a more elegant gentleman-like young man; and assuredly his pretty Belgian seemed almost to adore him. It gave additional value to the anecdote, that I had it from the actors in the scene described. When I remarked that it was quite in the spirit of Elizabeth of Siberia, the Lady exclaimed, "*Ah ma mere m'a dit la meme chose!*" My mother made the same remark."

London Pilot.